

Keep. And hang for't afterward.

Pal. By this good light
Had I a sword I would kill thee.

Keep. Why my Lord?

Pal. Thou bringst such pelting scurvy news continually
Thou art not worthy life; I will not goe.

Keep. Indeede you must my Lord.

Pal. May I see the garden?

Keep. Noe.

Pal. Then I am resolu'd, I will not goe. (rous

Keep. I must constrain you then; and for you are danger
He clap more yrons on you.

Pal. Doe good keeper.

He shake'em so, ye shall not sleepe,
He make ye a new Morrice, must I goe?

Keep. There is no remedy.

Pal. Farewell kinde window.
May rude winde never hurt thee. O my Lady
If ever thou hast felt what sorrow was,
Dreame how I suffer. Come; now bury me.

Exeunt Palamon, and Keeper.

Scena 3. Enter Arcite.

Arcite. Banishd the kingdom? tis a benefit,
A mercy I must thanke'em for, but banishd
The free enjoying of that face I die for,
Oh twas a studdied punishment, a death
Beyond Imagination: Such a vengeance
That were I old and wicked, all my sins
Could never plucke upon me, *Palamon*;
Thou hast the Start now, thou shalt stay and see
Her bright eyes breake each morning gainst thy window,
And let in life into thee; thou shalt feede
Vpon the sweetenes of a noble beauty,
That nature nev'r exceeded, nor nev'r shall:
Good gods? what happines has *Palamon*?
Twenty to one, hee'le come to speake to her,
And if she be as gentle, as she's faire,

I know she's his, he has a Tongue will tame (can come)
Tempefts, and make the wild Rockes wanton. Come what
The worst is death; I will not leave the Kingdome,
I know mine owne, is but a heape of ruins,
And no redresse there, if I goe, he has her.
I am resolu'd an other shape shall make me,
Or end my fortunes. Either way, I am happy:
He see her, and be neere her, or no more.

Enter 4. Country people, & one with a garland before them.

1. My Masters, ile be there that's certaine.
2. And ile be there.
3. And I.
4. Why then have with ye Boyes; Tis but a chiding,
Let the plough play to day, ile tickle out
Of the lades tailes to morrow.

1. I am sure
To have my wife as jealous as a Turkey:
But that's all one, ile goe through, let her mumble.
2. Clap her aboard to morrow night, and stow her,
And all's made up againe.
3. I, doe but put a feskue in her fist, and you shall see her
Take a new lesson out, and be a good wench.
Doe we all hold, against the Maying?

4. Hold? what should aile us?

3. *Arcas* will be there.

2. And *Sennew*.

And *Rycas*, and 3. better lads nev'r danc'd under green Tree,
And yet know what wenches: ha?
But will the dainy Domine, the Schoolemaster keep touch
Doe you thinke: for he do's all ye know.

3. Hee'l eate a hornebooke ere he faile: goe too, the mat-
ter's too farre driven betweene him, and the Tanners daugh-
ter, to let slip now, and she must see the Duke, and she must
daunce too.

4. Shall we be lusty.

2. All the Boyes in Athens blow wind i'th breech on's,

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and